

The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,  
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,  
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?

*Cl.* My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage.

1. Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,  
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cl.* Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,  
I am his brother, and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who will reward you better for my life,  
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are decei'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.

*Cl.* Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,  
Go you to him from me.

*Am.* I, so we will.

*Cl.* Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,  
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme?  
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,  
He little thought of this diuided freindship,  
Bid Gloucester thinke of this and he will weepe.

*Am.* I, milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.

*Cl.* O, do not slander him for he is kinde,

1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,  
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

*Cl.* It cannot be: for when I parted with him,  
He hudge me in his armes, and swore with sobs,  
That he would labour my deliuerie.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee  
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.

1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

*Cl.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,  
To counsell me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?

Ah sirs consider he that set you on  
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,

of Richard the thrid.

2 What shall we do?

*Cl.* Relent and saue your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

*Cl.* Not to relent, is beastly, saue, and diuclish  
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:

Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and entreate for me:

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He fass him.*

Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.

2 A bloodie deede, and desperately performd,

How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,

Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.

1 Why dost thou not helpe me?

By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

*Exit.*

1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:

And when I haue my meed I must away,

For this wil out, and here I must not stay.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Rivers, &c.*

*King.* So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,

You peeres cont'raue this vnited league,

I euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,

Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:

Rivers and Hastings, take each others hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

*Ri.* By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue,

*Hast.* So thrice I as I sweare the like.

*King.* Take heed you dally not before your King,

Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the others end.

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Hast